

Eng Poetry vol 72.



THINGS &c.

That is to say,

O D E S,

E L E G I E S,

A N D

A P O L O G U E S.



WILLIAM C. MILLER

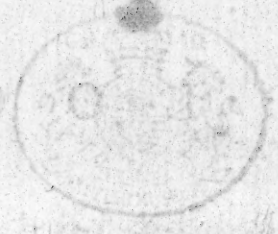
There is to be

GOOD DEEDS

AND GOOD LIVES

AND

GOOD LIVES



THINGS *k*

IN IMITATION OF

POETRY.

UTOPIA,

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THE

IMMUTATION OF

POETRY



1888

O D E I.

To the DEITY.

On a view of the Starry Firmament.

Εκ ΔΙΟΣ ἀρχόμεθα τῷ οὐδέποτε ἄνδρι ἱῶμεν
Ἀρήντων.

STROPHE.

ETERNAL LORD of LIFE and LIGHT!
By whom those orbs so sweetly shine,
These Works of Wisdom, Grace, and Might,
Proclaim the ARCHITECT DIVINE!
THOU madest the starry worlds around,
THOU badest their various systems roll
Harmonious through UBIQUITY profound;
By THEE their paths prescrib'd, and form'd th' amazing
WHOLE!

And shall a worthless worm of earth
 Dare to insult th' **ETHERIAL THRONE**,
 And doubt the **AUTHOR** of a scene like this
 From whom All Being boasts primeval birth;
 Or paint a partial Pagod of its own,
 And claim exclusive right to Bliss!
 Can purblind pride with stupid stare,
 Thy wond'rous Works so slightly scan,
 And, with presumptuous breath, declare
ALL THESE WERE MADE FOR MAN!

ANTISTROPHE.

Know, Man! Creation's **INFINITE**,
 This spacious Globe a speck of dust,
 And thou thyself a groveling mite
 In the great scale of Entity august.

Could'st thou count each trivial grain
 That constitutes this earthly mass,
 Thou might'st guess the glorious train
 That runs through **UNIVERSAL SPACE!**
 There other earths, and other skies
 In infinite succession rise,

With nobler forms, and nobler pow'rs,
 Of nobler beings far than ours;
 More distant, numerous, and more grand
 Than human eye can trace, or mind can comprehend !

EPODE.

YET shall the Soul from earthly fetters freed,
 With eager joy on eagle pinions rise,
 By Grace divine to endless Bliss decreed,
 And freely mingle with her kindred skies ;
 Those boundless realms of never-dying Day
 Remote from mortal scrutiny explore,
 Great Nature's dark mysterious laws survey,
 And in its blest Effects the puissant CAUSE adore.

The voice of Nature ever young,
 Through all her works proclaims aloud
 Th' ETERNAL MIND, from which they sprung,
 All-wise, All-mighty, and All-good.
 And shall not men due praise confer,
 And humbly bow the grateful knee
 To HIM who will'd them what they Are,
 And who shall will them what to Be !

O D E II.

T O M U S I C.

MUSIC, soft enchanting Pow'r!
Beguiler of each healthless hour,
Which else so heavy hangs!

O! gently lull my soul to rest
By sad Solicitude oppress'd,
And mitigate my pangs;
For heavenly Music's magic art
Can rouse each transport in the breast,
Can charm the ear and touch the heart,
And soothe the passions into rest.

II.

While these with rival force conspire
 To fan the flame and feed the fire,
 And every bliss annoy,
 Let Music's mild melodious strains
 Assuage my grief, and ease my pains,
 And wake the springs of joy.
 Let the Viol's various sound
 With the lofty Clarion join,
 And the rural reed resound,
 In melting strains, with notes divine.

III.

Not such unmeaning notes as these,
 By which Aufonia's Eunuchs please
 Our modern tasteless age;
 But those majestic manly lays,
 By which her Bards, in antient days,
 Did Albion's sons engage.
 Those are the strains whose wond'rous art
 Can rouse each transport in the breast,
 Can charm the ear, and touch the heart,
 Or soothe the passions into rest.

IV.

When Britain breath'd the Druid fire,
 Those did her warlike sons inspire
 To check the forward foe ;
 And when the sweets of peace were sung,
 Again the hallowed harp they strung,
 And heal'd the wounds of woe.
 Then let the Viol sweetly sound,
 And the rural reed resound :
 Let the lofty Clarion join,
 In melting strains, her voice divine.

V.

—'Tis done' 'tis done ! I feel the change ;
 I feel the pow'r delightful, strange,
 Of Music's magic art !
 Now to a calm the storms subside,
 In wonted course the spirits glide,
 And gladden every part.
 Thus when the sacred Psalmist's mystic lyre
 From fierce-contending passions strain'd the gall,
 His hallowed lips, touch'd with celestial fire,
 Did charm the Demon from the soul of Saul.

O D E III.

TO FANCY.

FANCY, fairy Goddess! come
From thy enchanted air-built dome:
Thy visionary pinions spread,
And nightly hover o'er my head.
By thee each worldly care suppress,
Do thou each heavenly hope suggest.
Though fickle Fortune fiercely frown,
Shall I be wretched and cast down?
Though all her favours she denies,
More lasting boons thy smile supplies.
Though she invidious still, as now,
Present black prospects still shalt thou

Those prospects gild and varnish o'er,
 And sunshine shew where'er they low'r.
 Though nought but naked mountains rise,
 And hide their hoar heads in the skies,
 I see in thy ecstatic dreams
 Woods and meads and silver streams,
 Though nought but noxious weeds appear,
 Thou canst a thousand beauties rear,
 And make the ravish'd mind comprise
 The glories of a paradise.

How oft accompanied by thee,
 In sweet-remember'd infancy,
 Remote from maddening mirth and noise,
 But cheer'd by genial Nature's voice,
 Have I, unconscious of the ills
 Which man's maturer period feels,
 By Eden's flowery-fringed stream
 Indulg'd the wild poetic dream;
 Or calmly conn'd the simple song,
 Wandering the woodland hills among!
 The recollection of the mind
 Still leaves a fond regret behind.

Rapt in thy golden dreams I soar,
 And scan Existence o'er and o'er;
 From this low sphere elate arise,
 And widely range the peopled skies;
 Direct my flight to worlds above,
 And through their airy regions rove.
 Those subject suns and orbs terrene
 Attendant on their SOVEREIGN seen,
 I plan new planets, and conceive
 Sublimer systems, till I have
 Outstript my swift conductor, then
 Reluctant fall to earth again.

Though thou none of the tuneful train
 Which poets paint on Pindus' plain,
 Bright Goddess! still thy brilliant blaze
 Feeds genial Art's refulgent rays.
 Sweet Science too thy praise proclaims:
 She shines but by thy borrowed beams.
 Their sons all own thy sacred sway:
 Thee all the sister-arts obey.
 Without thy aid and plastic pow'r,
 What Bard can deck the Muses bow'r?

Without thy sweet enchanting spell,
 What hand can tune the vocal shell?
 To thee, from whom their talents flow,
 All Phoebus' sons their laurels owe;
 For thou dost give their Genius birth,
 And raise them from their mother Earth.

At rise of dawn or fall of eve,
 These oft thy rapturous smiles receive.
 To these alone, the favour'd few
 To Genius dear, to Nature true,
 Refin'd by Feeling, form'd by Taste,
 Of judgement clear, of morals chaste,
 In every view hid beauties rise
 Invisible to vulgar eyes.
 To these thy blissful haunts are known,
 And all thy dazzling glories shown:

Oft when midnight horrors reign
 In awful silence o'er the plain,
 By thy all-pow'rful magic rear'd,
 A form is seen, a voice is heard,

While visionary phantoms rise,
 And swim before th' astonish'd eyes.
 ---These only haunt the guilty mind,
 Or Fear with Superstition join'd.

Though Sleep her drowsy poppies shed,
 And close the wakeful eye in lead,
 Yet thou, the eye-sight of the soul,
 Dost ever range without controul.
 While Morpheus paints the ivory dream,
 And fond Reflection fans the flame,
 On thy aerial pinions, fraught
 With keen desire and frantic thought,
 The lover clasps his yielding fair,
 And for a moment conquers Care.

By thee display'd in graceful mein,
 All things in loveliest light are seen.
 A gleam of pleasure oft we gain,
 Which but for thee would be a pain,
 By thee ideal bliss pursue
 Which would be lost by a true view ;

For all the joy this world can boast
Is but ideal bliss at most.

Hail Heaven-born Fancy ! while with thee,
No pain we feel, no woe we see,
From every care and sorrow free.
Mounted on thy nimble wings,
We soar above terrestrial things,
Nor envy heroes, princes, Kings

O D E IV.

T. CONTENTMENT.

I.

COME CONTENTMENT, heavenly Maid!
That smooth'st the rugged paths of Time,
And Fortitude in mail array'd,
And bright-eyed Hope that soars sublime.

Teach me to dare

The storm of Care;

Teach me to bear the frowns of Fate,

And flee thy furies, dire Despair!

The wretched which await.

D

II.

Nor wilt thou, sweet Nymph! disclaim
The shepherd's rustic song to hear,
Nor proudly spurn the simple swain
Whom native virtue should endear:

For, well I wot,
Thou valuest not
The gorgeous ceilings of the Great;
But deign'st to deck the turf-built cot,
And scorn'st fastidious state.

III.

Cheer'd by thy auspicious ray,
Wide-wandering o'er the pathless main,
The Mariner explores his way,
Devoid of fear or anxious pain.

With dauntless mien,
And soul serene,
He braves the dangers of the deep,
And mocks the filken sons of Care
On downy couch who sleep.

IV.

Hapless he the Furies brand,
Whose sordid soul no feeling knows,
Whose iron heart and niggard hand
Deny the bliss which Heaven bestows.

Though gorg'd with gold,
And wealth untold,
What needy miscreant's fate is worse?
The gracious boon, by God design'd
To bless himself and human kind,
Is his severest curse.

V.

Vain Ambition's busy tool,
Wretched Want and Wealth I ween,
That scrapes and squanders without rule,
Shun alike the golden mean.

The tender tie,
The generous sigh,
The heart-felt joy of doing good,
These never feel without a sting,
Nor know the pure delights that spring
From conscious Rectitude.

VI.

Gentle Nymph! thy placid smile

Wealth nor Glory can bestow.

'Tis that alleviates every toil,

And makes a paradise below.

Come then, blest Maid!

Ah! lend thine aid

To lighten life's laborious load,

And guide me o'er its stormy seas;

Nor let me judge the just decrees

Of an unerring God.

ELEGY I.

To the MEMORY of the REVEREND Mr R. F.

*The sweet remembrance of the Just
Shall flourish when they sleep in dust.*

TWAS nigh where lingering Letha flows,
And laves her in the limpid sea,
The Genius of the flood arose,
And wav'd her willow wand to me.

‘ Art thou a Bard, she sighing said,
‘ And lacks thy lyre lugubrious lays;
‘ Nor to her generous patron dead
‘ Thy Muse her grateful tribute pays?

E

‘ What piercing anguish wounds my soul,
‘ When I to those blest haunts repair,
‘ Where my lov’d shepherd wont to strole,
‘ And tend his flock with tender care !

‘ Endued with each endearing art
‘ That captivates the human kind,
‘ The finest feelings fill’d his heart,
‘ The noblest gifts adorn’d his mind.

‘ In private life his manners charm’d,
‘ With every social virtue blest :
‘ In public his devotion warm’d
‘ The tepid zeal of every breast.

‘ What though no mitre’s formal state
‘ Did his majestic temples grace ;
‘ Yet Science fair with joy elate,
‘ With classic wreaths supplied its place.

‘ Though never silvan crook he wore,
‘ As emblem of his pastoral care,
‘ The love which to his flock he bore,
‘ Was only equal’d by their share.

‘ And he whom Fortune never knew,
‘ But dealt his dole with sparing hand,
‘ More bounteous blessings round him threw
‘ Than those who sumptuous fees command.

‘ While flattering bards their patrons prais’d
‘ For thousands butcher’d never griev’d,
‘ A fairer fame my Hero rais’d
‘ By thousands which his zeal reliev’d.

‘ What pity ’tis, O Jove!’ she said,
‘ Such godlike men were born to die;
‘ But here as aliens, to their aid
‘ Death comes, they seek their native sky.

‘ For heavenly Virtue only dies
‘ Through happier worlds to shine more bright,
‘ As fair Hyperion’s rays arise
‘ In triumph o’er the shades of night.

‘ Ye sea-green sisters of the silver wave!
‘ Your founts forsake, for morient Merit mourn:
‘ Strew flow’rs and cypress o’er his hallowed grave,
‘ With palms entwine and decorate his urn.

' See how the general sorrow's shown!
 ' Some in oblivion seek relief:
 ' While L--- laments her patriarch gone,
 ' Agneda echoes back her grief.

' My faithful shepherd too I must deplore,
 ' His honest heart, his all-accomplish'd mind!
 ' Alas! his virtues I shall see no more;
 ' He's gone, nor left his like in life behind!

She said, and bad her Naiads flow
 Sore-sighing to the fullen main,
 With grief o'erwhelmed sunk below,
 And sought her oozy bed again.

ELEGY II.

Occasioned by seeing a young Lady in Distress.

DID Fate command it, and would Fortune shine,
And show'r her blessings with a liberal hand,
What heart-felt joys, what ecstasies were mine,
Frankly to give ere Indigence demand!

But Fate denies it, envious Fortune frowns,
Her gifts with-holding with a churlish fist:
She niggard ne'er my generous wishes crowns,
But cries to all my fervent pray'rs, Desist.

No selfish boon I sought, no sordid gain;
Nor Wisdom's wealth, nor Learning's ample store:
Wisdom is vanity, and Learning's vain;
He's only wise who never covets more.

No wealth I wish for, no ambition know
 To hoard up superfluities and cares,
 Save what I might benevolent bestow,
 Nor reck the curses of unthankful heirs.

Bless me with affluence, O Heavens! I cried,
 And let me live for others, not myself:
 Still must the fordid foul, I said and sigh'd,
 Who's most of avarice have most of pelf!

Such wanton game the hoodwink'd Harlot plays,
 Nor rashly deem even this a partial ill;
 For riches oft the noblest minds debase,
 While narrow bounds restrain the wayward will.

The woes of Man must give the Generous pain,
 Yet not for those the tears of Pity flow;
 But who can see the soft sex sue in vain?
 Hard heart indeed that feels not Woman's woe!

This, this I feel with aggravated grief;
 The Sick, the Needy, and the Helpless plead.
 Would I were capable to give relief,
 Or less susceptible of others' need!

What nobler joy can all the World bestow
Than godlike great Beneficence supplies,
With lenient hand to heal another's woe,
And bid the tear of Gratitude arise !

'Tis this exalts the intellectual part,
And gives to Man similitude divine ;
Refines the feelings, meliorates the heart,
And makes the soul above detraction shine.

You then to whom the blissful pow'r is given,
By Jove's beneficence alone we live ;
O! snatch this glorious attribute of Heaven,
And taste the Godlike Happiness----to GIVE.

ELEGY III.

On the Departure of Mrs R---y for France.

finibus Gallicis

Reddas incolumem precor,

Et serves animæ dimidium mea

AT this lone hour, while every eye
Is seal'd in soft repose,
And every source of grief is dry,
My sea of sorrow flows.

Not all the rays of Hope so bright
Can cheer this joyless breast—
O! come, kind Genius of the Night!
And soothe my soul to rest.

Still that beloved form I view,
 The welcome voice I hear;
 And, as I muse, the sad adieu
 Still lingers in my ear.

Till now constrain'd, to her unseen,
 The tide of anguish rose;
 But swells a torrent now, I ween,
 Too pow'rful to oppose.

How painful to a feeling heart,
 How poignant, how severe,
 Perhaps for ever thus to part
 With all it holds most dear?

Yet still my drooping courage fires,
 In spite of present pain;
 And fond reviving Hope inspires,
 We soon shall meet again.

May she, as ever, still, ye Gods!
 Be your peculiar care:
 Defend her from the robbing roads,
 And chill inclement air.

Soft blow, ye winds! ye gentle Pow'rs
Of Ocean soothe the seas :
Ye Nereids ply your airy oars
To aid the western breeze ;

And, ah! for once grant me this boon,
All fears, all dangers o'er,
To land her safe, and land her soon
On Gallia's friendly shore.

ELEGY IV.

The fatal Discovery.

IF Delia's scorn can give a lover pain
Merely because he can't possess her charms,
Ah! what must be the feelings of the swain
Who sees his Mistress in his Rival's arms!

Late, as I stray'd the flowery fields among,
To taste the fragrance of the evening gale,
Listening with rapture to the linnet's song,
Or Philomela's sympathetic tale;
Where yonder grove the verdant valley bounds,
Methought I heard a rustling in the brake;
With stifled murmurs and soft-soothing sounds,
That seem'd of amorous dalliance to partake.

I turn'd aside, unwilling to profane
 Love's hallowed haunts by such a rude alarm,
 But chanc'd to cast a sidelong look again,
 And straight espied the lovers arm in arm.

Amazement, Horror, Grief, Love, Rage, Despair
 At once possess'd me--petrified I stood,
 In silent sorrow eyed the faithless fair,
 And curs'd her perfidy in mournful mood.

Like Atlas bound in adamantine chains,
 By Gorgon terrors turn'd to lifeless clay,
 The blood thrill'd frigid through my frozen veins,
 The feeble arteries forgot to play.

---And, ah! thou dear, deceitful, cruel Maid!
 Is this the recompence of all my cares?
 Is my too fond affection thus repaid,
 With slight and falsehood for the truth it bears?

Was it for this I every bliss denied
 That claim'd fruition, joyless all to me!
 Look'd down unmov'd on all the world beside,
 And vow'd eternal constancy to thee?

How oft, though wounded by thy basilisk eye,
 Has thy sick slave for thy behests been found,
 And gladly brav'd th' inhospitable sky,
 Though rudely rav'd the elements around!

Have I not carv'd thy name on every tree,
 Cull'd every fruit and every flow'r with joy,
 And wove the choicest chaplets all for Thee,
 And sung thy praise in strains that ne'er shall die!

But, ah! of what avail my kindly cares,
 My liberal labours, and my fervent flame!
 Those only murder what my passion spares:
 These only swell thy triumph and my shame.

Farewell, false Fair! yet, faithless as thou art,
 May'st thou ne'er feel those stings that stab my ease!
 Ten thousand Furies cannot wring the heart,
 Nor rack the soul with such keen pangs as these.

While other Passions one fix'd force acquire,
 This knows no medium; ever in extreme,
 It is the gentlest or the fiercest fire,
 That warms or agitates the human frame.

If kindred minds with mutual ardor glow,
 What higher bliss can mortal state sustain;
 But should some fiend the seeds of discord sow,
 What woeful words can paint the pungent pain!

When angry Jove, in his vindictive wreak,
 The fellest fury for Man's sins devis'd,
 Away, he cried, the rope, the rack, the stake;
 But let him love, and let him be despis'd!

(31)
ELEGY V.

TO MATILDA.

OF all the ills of human kind,
Or curses issued from above,
The worst's the tempest of the mind,
Torn by the rankling rage of Love.
Let never swain like Corin true
Believe a fair bewitching face ;
'Twas that first ting'd this pallid hue,
And robb'd his chearful mind of peace.
How doubly wretched must he prove
Who for a faithless mistress burns ;
Still doom'd, in Reason's spite, to love,
Nor ever, ever hope returns!

Deaf to her suppliant's ardent vows,
 Unfeeling of the amorous pain,
 Matilda mocks his mortal woes,
 And kills his Love with cold disdain.

Yet still, Matilda! must his flame
 With unabating ardor burn,
 Till Death dissolve this woe-worn frame,
 And close him in the peaceful urn.

If Love can't reach thy flinty heart,
 Let Pity's softest plea prevail;
 Her gentle balm may ease the smart
 Which no terrestrial pow'r can heal.

A tear from those bewitching eyes,
 A sigh from that angelic breast,
 Will bathe this corse as cold he lies,
 And soothe his murmuring shade to rest.

But when thy Corin is no more,
 You'll own with grief what soon you'll see:
 Though others may thy charms adore,
 Yet none can ever love like me.

ELEGY VI.

Written on a Storm at Sea.

WITH hearts exulting, from the Belgic shore
 Our gallant vessel sped her foaming course:
 The spires of Freezeland soon were seen no more,
 She plow'd the waves with such velocious force.
 Fair rose the radiant Morn with simulant smile,
 And flattering Phœbus with fallacious glee:
 The cloudless sky did every fear beguile,
 While whispering breezes hush'd the sleeping Sea.
 Not long the favour of the prosperous gale
 Endur'd: the Sun scarce his meridian might
 Had shewn, when muffled in a mourning veil,
 Black clustering clouds obscur'd him from the sight.

Now bursts the bosom of the burthen'd air,
 And pours its fury in a flood of tears:
 Old Ocean shakes his locks with grisly glare,
 And each proud wave in crested rage appears.

In vain we deprecate the wrathful sky,
 In vain we invoke our natal ground;
 Nought but the angry brow of Heaven on high,
 And a wide world of waters all around.

At length their vengeful virulence subsides;
 A gleam of joy glides through the fullen gloom:
 The bounding bark the wearied storm outrides;
 Fate has not yet pronounc'd our final doom.

Far distant, dim, like misty clouds, appear
 Fair Albion's hills, with joy and sadness seen;
 Glad to behold our native land so near,
 Yet sad to see what dangers rise between.

There rocks that rudely rear their rugged heads,
 While others still more treacherous lurk below:
 Even these the Mariner experienc'd dreads,
 These oft the source of many a widow's woe!

Here the bleak storm, which seem'd but now blown o'er,
 Hangs hovering still o'er our devoted heads,
 And, with new-rallied force, prepares to pour
 His dreaded vengeance where his fury leads.

'Twas but a transient gleam of hope that shone,
 Like the false rumour of a thief's reprieve,
 A flattering vision in a moment gone,
 Which promis'd life, and yet forbade to live.

Now sable Night extends her awful reign,
 The storm increases with the saddening gloom:
 Fancy exaggerates the mournful scene,
 And each black billow seems a watery tomb.

The warring winds, which o'er the surface sweep,
 Threat instant ruin in their ruthless ire:
 The livid lightnings dart along the deep,
 And the wide hemisphere is all on fire.

Louder and louder bursts each rattling peal.
 The boisterous billows into mountains heave.
 The crazy vessel now begins to reel,
 Now rides high-bounding o'er the ridgy wave.

But, ha! what hideous noise! ---what desperate shrieks
In wild confusion from above board pour!
Ah Heavens! I feel it now---she strikes, she strikes!
Again she strikes,---she sinks, and---all is o'er!

Oh! if the horrors of untimely death
Be not determin'd in your direful wreck,
Save me, ye Pow'rs!---recal the parting breath;
Not for my self, but for my---Celia's sake!

APOLOGUE I.

The BOOKWORM and the BEE.

To a PEDANT.

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.

PERSIUS.

WITHIN the confines of a college,
More fam'd for sophistry than knowledge,
When Phœbus, in meridian pow'r,
Had call'd forth every fragrant flow'r,
A Bee, by curious motives mov'd,
Through an old Gothic garden rov'd,
Where every ludicrous invention
By turns attracted his attention.
The trees and shrubs, as stiff as stones,
Arose in pyramids and cones:

The hedges, arbours, and lymphatics
 Were form'd by dint of mathematics;
 And walks and plats, in every part,
 Laid out by rigid rules of Art,
 Who here, a rude usurper grown,
 Push'd Nature from her silvan throne.

At last upon a sunny wall,
 With woodbine spread, he chanc'd to fall,
 And soon perceiv'd a window there
 Oped to admit the noontide air.
 So in he pops, like traveller keen,
 To see what's worthy to be seen.
 A spacious library he found,
 And, after buzzing round and round,
 Where not a soul was to control 'im,
 Alighted on a musty volume,
 One of the most stupendous size,
 Which on the reading-desk he spies,
 Of dry divinity, polemic,
 That malady so epidemic.

There, the first object that presents,
 A rusty reptile pitch'd his tents ;

A maggot mean, of haggard looks,
 That preys eternally on books.
 All o'er with learned dust besmear'd,
 An uncouth figure he appear'd.
 Much labour'd systems he went through,
 Though of them all not one he knew.
 Undaunted still he urg'd his way,
 Through thick and thin, through dull and gay.
 No pioneer his feats could match,
 Or work his way with more dispatch.
 The driest, hardest of digestion,
 How stale so e'er, he made a feast on.
 In short, each scholiast, old or new,
 He perforated through and through.
 The Bee his vast surprise express'd,
 And thus the poring worm address'd.

While plenty reigns throughout the land,
 And deals her gifts with lavish hand,
 While Nature all her blessings pours
 In roots and herbage, fruits and flow'rs,
 What folly tempts thee, friend, to riot
 So greedily on paper diet?

Is this Oeconomus still harder?
 Are there no victuals in the larder?
 If so, pray starve not, I implore you;
 The kitchen-garden lies before you.

Thou fool! replied the puff-up mite,
 Thine ignorance provokes my spite.
 The small respect, so undiscerning,
 Thou hast for mites and men of learning
 Convinces me, invidious elf!
 Thou art posselt of none thyself.
 Think'it thou it is corporeal need
 Compels me on such fare to feed?
 I'd have thee know it is my will
 My mind with sacred lore to fill.
 All sensual pleasures I despise:
 'Tis my ambition to be wise.
 To gain that end I spare no trouble,
 But ply with application double,
 In study day and night employ,
 'Tis all my labour, all my joy;
 For learning is a hidden treasure
 Which yields most solid lasting pleasure;

---But go, forbear thy vulgar babble:
Your distance keep--- I hate the rabble.

Such arrogance, the Bee replied,
Proclaims thy emptiness and pride.
For all thy store of authors' spoils,
Did e'er the Public bless thy toils?
To thy mean narrow self confin'd,
What benefit they human kind?
I form a large, a liberal plan,
The various works of Nature scan,
And each of these the most minute,
To profit or to pleasure suit.
Even the most noxious mental food,
To me affords some latent good.
Nor does the method I practise
From vain or selfish motives rise;
For Man enjoys the generous gains,
And reaps the fruits of all my pains.
Then learn intrinsic worth to prize,
Nor think the learn'd alone are wise.
Expand thy soul, thou groveling creature!
Since thou wilt study,---study Nature.

Thus from Creation's various views,
 The man who wisdom's path pursues,
 May draw more true, more useful knowledge,
 Than all the learning of a College.

APOLOGUE II.

The PIGEON and the Rooks.

To a YOUNG MAN.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum Y
OVID.

A simple Pigeon, from his youth
Train'd in the ways of sacred truth,
A stranger to the Worldling's art,
Whose flattering face belies the heart;
Who knew nought of the tricks of Rooks,
But merely what he drew from books,
With his condition discontented,
Imaginary wants invented,
And far from his paternal cot,
In search of finer fare had got.

He chanc'd at last, in piteous plight,
 Among a set of Rooks to light,
 Assembled in a private way,
 To fix the rapine of the day.

With faltering accents, in few words,
 He thus bespoke the fable birds.

C'er many a moor and barren wood
 I hither came in quest of food,
 And, as you know the country round ,
 Pray tell me where 'tis easiest found.
 A few dried oats, or coarsest rye
 Will all my present wants supply.

He said, and bow'd. The sooty crew
 With secret scorn the milkop view
 And, with those shrewd and knowing looks
 Which specify the race of Rooks,
 Peruse him all from top to toe,
 While all officious friendship show,
 And all their fawning arts display,
 Inur'd to flatter and betray.
 A chattering Pie among the rest,
 Stept forth, and thus the Dove address'd.

Your merit and address so clever,
 Have prepossess'd me in your favour.
 The scanty pittance you petition
 Is but a paultry acquisition;
 But if you have a spunk of spirit,
 Or courage equal to your merit;
 If thirst of glory fire your soul
 In splendid affluence to roll,
 With us associate shall you share,
 And as we do, so shall you fare.

Transported with the friendly proffer,
 The Dove at once embrac'd the offer.
 Now from his parents far remote,
 Their sober precepts quite forgot,
 He rants and swears, and riots too;
 What won't a bad example do?
 The Rooks carous'd from even to morn,
 And laugh'd sobriety to scorn.
 Fir'd by their ignominious praise,
 He learns their cant, and apes their ways.
 Taught by his friend the Pie to chatter,
 To lie and cheat, to fawn and flatter;

He likewise learns the art to steal,
 As that is for the common weal.
 Thus all their various tricks he tries,
 And with the most abandon'd vies,
 Till chang'd at last to black from white,
 The Dove was metamorphos'd quite.

One summer morn, by break of day,
 The Rooks rapacious wing'd their way,
 And, flush'd with hope, the pilfering pack
 Were meditating fly attack
 On Farmer Clodpole's field of pease,
 Their wanton appetite to please.
 The Dove, to shew his courage, flew
 The foremost of the forward crew,
 And now was busied close in picking
 The pulse which he found to his liking,
 When, after taking due precautions,
 The Farmer, who had watch'd their motions
 Behind a hawthorn fence, prepar'd
 To give the thieves their just reward.
 The Rooks all smelt gun-powder straight,
 And stole away by treacherous sleight,

Exulting gain'd the neighbouring church,
 And left the Pigeon in the lurch.
 At him direct the murdering gun
 Level'd he saw, too late to shun.
 Too late his drooping pinions plied,
 Their usual friendly aid denied.
 Half-pois'd in air the leaden death
 Bereft him of his fleeting breath.
 With fluttering wing he beat the ground
 In lethal pangs. The mortal wound,
 The dire effect of fiery shot,
 He view'd, and thus bewail'd his lot.

Curse on the day when first I flew
 To join this execrable crew!
 Ah! had I kept my barren hills,
 Ere thus endur'd the worst of ills;
 Though poverty had been my fate,
 Yet peace had blest the humble state.
 How hapless is the wretch's case,
 Who simply trusts a flattering face!
 Inconscious of the world's deceit,
 He finds his error when too late.

To Guilt a prey, to Vice a slave,
 The dupe of every artful knave,
 He sees the gulph he cannot shun,
 Persists, and is, like me, undone.

Vice steals on Youth thus by degrees,
 If an unguarded path she fees.
 At first a frightful form she wears;
 A nearer view dispels their fears.
 Now by habitual usage bold,
 With cool indifference they behold
 Those deep-dyed sins which pave the way
 For others deeper still than they,
 Till, every spark of virtue flown,
 With every vice familiar grown,
 Stern Justice, sure though slow appear,
 And terminate the mad career.

APOLOGUE III.

JUPITER, DANAE, and PLUTOS.

To the UNSUCCESSFUL LOVERS.

Aurum per medios ire satellites,

Et perrumpere amat saxa, potentius

ictu fulmineo.

HORACE.

THERE liv'd erewhile, in Argos fam'd,
A crabbed Hunk Acrisius nam'd.
He had a daughter fair and young
Unstain'd by flanders tainted tongue.
No virgin, in her seventieth year,
Could her sweet virtue hold more dear.
The starchest prude of all the town
Could never pull Miss Danae down,
She even escap'd, what's admirable,
The scandal of each tonish table;

O

But well he knew by Nature's laws,
 How soon the world might find just cause
 Already lovers flock'd apace :
 Each day produc'd some unknown face.
 To plant her toils she now begins ;
 For Miss was enter'd in her teens,
 Frequents ridottoes, operas, balls,
 Drums, routs, ruelles, and gambling halls,
 With all the giddy gay flirtation
 Of modern modish dissipation.

The jealous fire, with sage precaution,
 Observ'd each look, and mark'd each motion.
 How he might best this treasure keep
 From his all-watchful eyes drove sleep.
 Each night portentous dreams molest,
 And anxious cares disturb his rest.
 Each wakeful sense he exercises,
 And racks his brain with strange surmises;
 Now thinks the door or window creaks,
 While every limb with terror shakes;
 Now dreams of whispers, billet doux,
 Rope-ladders, private interviews,

Of false Duennas bought with gold;
 Of secret joys for lucre sold,
 Of rifled chests and jewels fled,
 Of Love alive, and Virtue dead:
 With grief and rage his bosom burns:
 He starts, wakes, and dreams by turns.
 In short, as by the tale appears,
 To calm his mind, assuage his fears,
 And put her out of Fortune's power,
 He lodg'd her in a lofty tower,
 So strong by nature and by art,
 'Twas deem'd impregnable in every part.

Thus in a lonely cell immur'd,
 By locks and iron gates secur'd,
 By her inexorable fire,
 In solitude and durance dire
 Condemn'd to waste her genial years,
 In spite of pray'rs, and vows, and tears,
 Fair Danae pin'd in youthful bloom,
 And mourn'd her unrelenting doom.
 Not one of all the suitor train
 Could her sweet liberty regain:

None durst the damsel disenthral;
A task so arduous foil'd them all.

Though many youths her love had sought,
Her slippery heart could ne'er be caught,
Though lur'd by Cupid's artful wiles,
Unfetter'd by his flimsy toils,
Each tender tumult quickly quell'd,
And every vulgar shaft repell'd;
For still the little King of Hearts
Forgot to gild his erring darts.
Hence none the destin'd prize could gain:
Hence some were gaudy, some too plain,
And some too short, and some too tall,
And some too thick, and some too small,
And some too shy, and some too bold,
And some too young, and some too old.
In short, though she had pick and chuse,
This giddy girl did all refuse.

You've heard no doubt a mighty clamor
Of Ovid's OMNIA VINCIT AMOR:
He might have said with more decorum,
And truth too, OMNIA VINCIT AURUM.

Her lovers all, in dire dejection,
 Experienc'd this just reflection.
 Among the rest a Mr. Jove,
 A Buck who lodg'd the door above,
 Had every pow'rful charm essay'd
 To win the coy alluring maid
 In vain; for all his heavenly art
 Made no impression on her heart
 Which, by foul Avarice triply steel'd,
 To no soft passion e'er would yield.

In every mode and quaint disguise
 Which fruitful Fancy could devise,
 With subtile sleight, and bold address,
 He storm'd the fort without success.
 Here all his former pranks he play'd
 Which had so many girls betray'd;
 Assumes the gentle form which made a
 Conquest of the beauteous Leda,
 Or, with audacious front and full,
 Puts on Europa's snow-white bull.
 Even Modesty itself he apes,
 In spotless Cynthia's virgin shapes;

Now his own eagle's plumage wears,
 And now a groveling ant appears;
 Now round her plays a lambent flame,
 And now a form without a name.

Yet still, for all his juggling tricks,
 Her fickle heart he ne'er could fix,
 But seem'd quite thunder-struck to find
 All his deep projects countermin'd.
 His schemes, which ne'er before had fail'd,
 Prov'd all abortive; nought avail'd
 Till Plutos, by compassion sway'd,
 Came opportunely to his aid.
 He had perceiv'd the fatal force
 Of Jove's chagrin, and guess'd its source;
 At last in secret silence broke,
 And thus his love-sick lord bespoke.

I could not have believ'd you had
 Been such a novice in your trade.
 Think'st thou that women will be won
 Merely by Love? Trust me, not one.
 Know, Sire, that, since the age of Gold,
 Like other wares they're bought and sold.

I know them well; for at my shrine
 They offer incense more than thine.
 To Hymen's fane, or Cupid's court
 The fordid fair no more resort.
 All, all to me their pray'rs present,
 And all for me their vows are meant.
 Then let me as a friend instruct you,
 And by my pow'rful art conduct you;
 By my assistance you shall prove
 That Gold alone can pave the way for Love.

So said, by his aurific power,
 He veil'd him in a golden shower.
 Jove lin'd his pockets with the same,
 And scatter'd wide where'er he came.
 Where'er he came he clear'd his way :
 Not one withstood the dazzling ray
 Till, by almighty Plutos' power,
 He gain'd the strong enchanted tower.
 Then through the leads he took a jump,
 And in the lady's lap fell plump.
 Him she receiv'd with open arms,
 And yielded all her virgin charms.

Then hence, ye Guardians of the fair,
 And Lovers of dejected air,
 Learn that if Gold enforce the theme,
 YE vainly strive against the stream :
 And You, for all your care and pain,
 Only waste your words in vain,
 Unless, to aid your fruitless art,
 Cupid lend his golden dart,
 Nor idly think that worth will bind
 The fickle Fair to merit blind,
 Or even youth, or rich renown,
 If peevish Plutos on you frown.
 But he your friend let nought dismay,
 'Tis his too sure the sex to sway :
 For here though gates and guards beside
 All human force and fraud defied ;
 Yet could not guards, nor iron gates with-hold
 Fair Danae's charms against the power of Gold.

APOLOGUE IV.

The STAG and CATARACT.

To the BLOODS.

Facilis descensus Averni est.

VIRG.

BEWARE, ye Bucks! who nightly rove
In riot and abandon'd love;
Who down the stream of pleasure glide:
Destruction waits the circling tide.
Though smoothly on you sail a while,
The flattering scene will soon be o'er,
When you shall curse the faithless smile
That lur'd you from the peaceful shore.
Let Moderation therefor steer,
And Reason guide your wild career.

P

Trust not at once your swelling sails
 To headstrong Passion's boist'rous gales,
 Lest on these ruthless rocks you hit
 Where many a bulging bark has split :
 Yet shily shun yon shelvy shore
 Where whirlpools boil, where hoarse waves roar.
 Still eye the Star of Grace supreme :
 Nor yield to this, nor that extreme ;
 But, steering through Time's narrow sea
 To the Ocean of Eternity,
 That even steady course maintain
 By which the Haven of Bliss you gain.

In early genial spring of life,
 When soft sensations stir sweet strife,
 All in the sultry noon of day,
 A gentle Buck was seen to stray
 Where Niagara's river rolls,
 And sweeps down beasts and birds in shoals.
 The sun was hot, the stream quite clear
 As liquid crystal did appear.
 Bright Beams their golden tresses lave,
 Gay-dancing o'er the lucid wave.

The fishes, clad in silver sheen,
 Through the limpid waters gleen,
 And seem convolv'd in wanton play,
 To tempt the thoughtless stag astray.

The cooling lymph appeases first
 The fervor of impatient thirst;
 Yet can't a moderate draught suffice:
 He views the stream with eager eyes;
 And, to assuage his boiling blood,
 Plunges headlong in the flood.
 Now he swims in youthful pride
 With the softly-swelling tide
 Which wafts him gently on at ease,
 'Mid various objects form'd to please
 His eye in gazing wonder lost,
 By each gay novelty engross'd.
 In native lustre, ever new,
 The landscape rises to his view,
 With varied scenes, by Nature drawn,
 Of hill and dale, and level lawn,
 With waving woods, and mossy rocks,
 With clambering goats, and bleating flocks.

While each soft sound and firen strain
 The captivated sense detain.
 Sometimes his sprightly form he views,
 Sometimes the salient trouts pursues,
 As, basking in the sunny beam,
 They sportive shoot adown the stream.

Now by degrees he feels the tide
 With greater force and swiftness glide;
 But listless Indolence triumphs o'er
 Each faint attempt to gain the shore,
 Till all at once th' impetuous stream
 Awakes him from his golden dream.
 The Cataract's tremendous voice
 Now stuns him with its thundering noise.
 The lofty hills and rocks around
 Rebellow with the hideous sound.
 Himself down with the current borne
 He sees dejected and forlorn.
 Then for the first, but then too late,
 He dreads his sure approaching fate.
 No friendly twig, no help appears:
 His hopeless eye-balls roll in tears.

Each pithless limb with terror quakes,
 And every nerve with horror shakes.
 The river God, and all the Pow'rs
 Of Heaven for pity he implores.
 No Pow'r to his assistance flies:
 The God is deaf to all his cries.
 In lifeless languor now he shrinks,
 And petrified with horror sinks.

Rous'd from his lethargy once more,
 He strives to gain the nearest shore,
 Exerts himself with might and main,
 Strains every nerve, but all in vain.
 Nor sleight nor strength can now assuage
 The rushing river's ruthless rage.
 Thrown back with repercussive shocks,
 And dash'd against the ragged rocks,
 He's hurried headlong down the steep,
 And buried in th' unfathomable deep.

The case is yours, ye giddy Gay!
 Who wanton waste Life's little day
 In vain pursuit of guilty pleasure,
 Neglecting true substantial treasure.

The more you live you live the faster:
 Hence Death, Disease, or dire Disaster;
 Or all in awful league combin'd,
 Complete the woes of human kind.

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E N D.

